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THE MAYORALTY DISCUSSION.

Politics and patriotism seldom travel hand in hand. We hear a great deal of talk just now about the necessity of electing a capable, honest man for Mayor this year. But it will be observed that the Tammany Democrats want a Tammany candidate who fills the bill, the County Democracy clamor for a reliable County Democrat and the Republicans will be satisfied only with a straight Republican.

Is there not a large amount of humbug in all this? Does not Tammany want a Mayor who will fill the office, mainly at least, from the ranks of the Wigwam army? Does not the County Democracy organization stand up stoutly for a candidate who has proved himself faithful to its interests both by putting its followers into office and protecting them through thick and thin after they get there? Is not the object of Republicanism to grab the offices through a division in the majority party or a bargain with one of the opposing factions?

This is not saying that the people cannot expect a good executive officer from either political party. It only means that the politicians intend to keep an eye on their own interests while attending to the interests of the city. The charge that Tammany wants to seize on all the offices is a humbug coming from the other party organizations, because each of them is after precisely the same thing.

What the people want is a Mayor of liberal views, of strict personal honesty, of energetic practical action, of firm character, who will not protect rascals in office, even if they happen to be of his own party; who will have no cranks, obstructive notions to interfere with the public good, and whose administration will give us cleaner streets, desirable public improvements and a better government than we have had recently.

CARELESS CONDUCTORS.

By an unfortunate accident, a woman named BRIDGET NOLAN, about forty years of age, was run over by a Broadway car below Wall street yesterday and instantly killed. It does not appear that the driver was to blame. The deceased hailed an uptown car, whose conductor either did not see her or did not wait to take her up. Then she stepped back on to the downtown track, and stood there without seeing a car that was approaching at the regular speed and was within twenty feet of her. The driver, WILLIAM J. NIEMEYER, applied the brakes and did all in his power to stop the car, but mainly owing to the fact that the rails had just been sprinkled by a watering cart, he failed to do so until the horses reached the woman and knocked her down, when the front wheels rolled over her and she was instantly killed.

If blame attaches to any one, it must be the conductor of the uptown car, which failed to stop when hailed by the deceased. It is too often the practice of conductors, especially when they happen to be a trifle behind time, to pay no heed to a summons to stop, but to drive right on, leaving the passenger to take the next car. A person is thus left standing in the road, naturally a little confused and sometimes angry, and this doubtless was the case with the unfortunate deceased. It is no excuse to say that the conductor did not see the woman. It is his duty to be on the alert.

NIEMEYER, the driver, seems to be innocent of any carelessness. But the inquiry should be extended to the conductor of the uptown car and to the reason why he did not stop to take up the deceased when she hailed him.

WHAT IS A NAME?

In one of the District Courts yesterday a Chinaman was charged with violation of a city ordinance. It came out in the course of the examination that this particular Celestial had been brought up, convicted and fined once before for a similar offense. But before his first trouble he was called QUOZO LEE, while now he is known as Su Siro.

This apparent incongruity was explained by the piggish and intelligent fellow-countryman who represented the defendant.

When a Chinaman gets into trouble with the law, he says, he immediately changes his name. This shows that a Celestial has a keen sense of the disgrace of being found to have been a law-breaker. He no longer desires to bear a name which has been tainted. It would be well if some of our countrymen had a similar delicacy of feeling on such subjects. But with us, unfortunately, a law-breaker seldom thinks of changing his name unless it be for the purpose of throwing the police off his track and covering up the fact of a former conviction.

QUOZO LEE, now called Su Siro, had only violated a city ordinance, so that his alias was not a disgrace or a reflection on his honesty. It was rather to his credit. So the Justice thought, for he dismissed the case and sent Su Siro out of court without the necessity of again submitting to a reprobation process.

A NATURAL HEROINE.

Mrs. LIZZIE HAY is the model wife for a frontiersman or one who dwells on the borders of Mexico or in the wilds of Texas. When a ruffian, called the "Lone Highwayman," who has for two years past been the terror of the neighborhood, paid her a visit during her husband's absence and proposed to sack the house, she met him with a gun, which missed fire on the first attempt to shoot. The robber attacked her with a bowie knife and she received an ugly cut in the forehead. But she eluded her gun, knocked her assailant down and, before he could rise again, shot him. He escaped to his horse and rode away, but not before Mrs. HAY, wiping the blinding blood from her eyes, had found another cartridge which she sent after him. His dead body was discovered by the roadside some distance from the house.

It is well that Mrs. HAY, *nee* Miss GIBSON, found her home on the head prong of the Rio Sabinal, in Bandera County, Tex., far away from railroads and telegraphs. Had she married a New Yorker and settled in the city her good qualities might have remained undiscovered. In Texas they have been grandly developed and made her a local queen. Gentlemen of the road will give her dwelling a clear berth in the future.

It requires circumstances to draw out a person's real merits, after all, no matter what position in life he or she may fill.

It may be polite, but it is not honest, for the Republican Senators to crowd enormous additional appropriations on to every money bill before Congress, for the purpose of swelling the expenses of a Democratic Administration. The General Deficiency Appropriation bill which went through the Senate yesterday is increased \$1,120,000 above its total as it came from the House. The United States Senate ought to be above such unworthy tricks.

A STORY IS Afloat THAT THE STEERING PASSENGERS ON THE STEAMSHIP ZANDAM, FROM AMSTERDAM, WHO ARRIVED HERE YESTERDAY, WERE CRUELLY TREATED ON THEIR PASSAGE OVER. IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT A STRICT INVESTIGATION WILL BE MADE. AS A RULE THE EMIGRANTS ARE KINDLY TREATED BY THE STEAMSHIP LINES AND FEW COMPLAINTS ARE HEARD. THE MORE REASON WHY THIS REPORT SHOULD BE THOROUGHLY ASKED.

JERSEY CITY PERSONALITIES.

It is a well-known fact that the first water, Alderman JENKINS would rather smoke than eat. Dick Cooper has declared his intention of running for the Assembly.

Mario Warr has had his hair cut, an infallible indication of prosperity.

Gustave Mitzler is conceded to be the most original advertiser in the city.

Sydney Heerman says that life would not be worth the living outside of Jersey.

Eddy Wright has taken his gun to South Jersey to exterminate the feathered tribes.

Harry Glucose swears that he will vote the straight Prohibition ticket this year.

Finance Commissioner Dick spends all of his time catching bluefish from the Rockaway pier. Prosecutor Winfield is busy preparing for the trial of the boodle board of Works Commissioners.

Sheriff Davis is up to his neck in politics, which is not saying a great deal, considering Bob's 4 feet 9 inches.

Assemblyman Norton will have a walk-over in November. He owns the "Horsehoe" just at present.

George Douglas is missing from the First District Court. He has been sent up for tea—say to the mountains.

Col. Dickinson is soon to resign the command of the Fourth Regiment, Justice Farn Wanser, the Lieutenant-Colonel, will be his successor.

WORLDINGS.

A St. Paul woman, while waiting in a dentist's office to have a tooth pulled, fell on her knees and prayed to heaven to give her strength to undergo the ordeal.

A Wyoming paper has made the discovery that there is a turtle valley in Uinta County, forty miles in length, that is peopled by a colony of 700 Normans, who harvest large crops and are in every way prosperous.

Buffalo Bill's Western home is a ranch of 5,000 acres of prairie land, a little over three miles out from North Platte, Neb. On it are kept a score or more of fine stallion horses and Col. Cody's pet horse Auctioneer, a handsome, coal-black Arabian charger.

Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has just received a perfect copy of the rare *Sue Brie*. This valuable work was presented to him by a grandson of the original printer of the book. It is as large as a modern piggy bank, with a mosaic cover, and is strongly bound.

A lady who recently visited Mrs. Ella Wheeler Woolsey says that the poetess is accustomed to plan her life of two weeks in advance, subject to such changes as unforeseen circumstances may cause. She does all her marketing, and takes great pride in her household duties.

Where He Is to Be Found.
Stranger to bartender—Was there a gentleman here this morning who talked about his boxes and staves, and who claimed that he only pays for whiskey once a year?
Bartender—He was here, stranger?
Stranger—Yes, I know where I can find him?
Bartender—Yes, stranger, the gentleman's present address is Bellevue Hospital, Surgical Ward 5.

A CHAT WITH AMELIE RIVES.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIAN TELLS FRANKLY OF HER LIFE AND HER WORK.

She Laughs Merrily at the Stories of Her Overtaxed Strength and Says They Are as True as That About Her Confirmation—She Likes Shakespeare and Still Reads Grimm's "Fairy Tales."

Amelie Rives, now Mrs. J. A. Chanler, the charming young Virginia authoress, whose literary efforts, especially "The Quick and the Dead," have created much more than a passing interest in herself and works, is registered with her husband at the Brevort.

Though busily engaged in preparations for travel, Mrs. Chanler found time to welcome an EVENING WORLD reporter, with whom she talked of herself and her plans with delightful frankness.

The young authoress was found leaning idly back in a blue-brocaded armchair, a picture of petite, girlish beauty.



AMELIE RIVES.

No photograph nor word portrait can ever do justice to her pretty face, because its chief charm lies in its exquisite coloring. The skin is a delicate pink and white, are of lips, well formed, without being full, are of a vivid red; above them are a well-shaped nose and a pair of the handsomest eyes in the world. Then, over this oval face with its dainty brightness, clusters a mass of light brown hair, which shades into the brightest gold. It was brushed back and caught in a simple knot low down on the neck, in the fashion which Mrs. Langtry has made so popular of her own.

The most pronounced feature of Amelie Rives's face are those eyes. While she is a perfect blonde in every other respect, the eyes are of the deepest hazel, gleaming like polished agate, and when the pupil is at all dilated they seem black. Long, silky, jet-black lashes fringe her eyes, and her eyebrows are also quite dark. Amelie Rives, in a word, is a perfect "Spanish blonde," one of the most beautiful types of feminine beauty.

On the third finger of her plump left hand was a heavy gold circle, her wedding ring, and this was the one piece of jewelry which she wore. No earrings, no bracelet, no chain, nothing but the lace at her throat. Nothing could be simpler, more careless and yet more elegant than her toilet. A long-sleeved dress of rose was fastened in the bosom of her own.

Mrs. Chanler and her husband have just come from Newport. "I have had a delightful rest there," said she. "The sea is so refreshing, like the sea. I am passionately fond of it."

"Do you expect to reside in New York after this?"

"No. We are going abroad and shall not return till shortly before Christmas. Then we will go back to Virginia. I must confess to being a victim to the mad passion of the sea. I do not believe the Swiss feel separation from their country more keenly than I do. This has always been so. When I was a child I used to take the train to Newport every year, and I suffered intensely in being removed from my home. It is always that way."

"Then you have very strong local attachments?"

"Very. Associations are so much for me. That is a comfort, for if it should be necessary for me ever to live in a new place, I should feel that I had a home to go to."

"Do you like the country better than the city?"

"Oh, far better. I do not care for city life. I like the freedom and out-of-door life of the country, and our part of Virginia is the very best of the kind. I do not care for society, and I only take a plunge into it occasionally just to get the angles rubbed off and to prevent myself from getting rusty. I think it is only right to do that."

"Does the labor of composing fatigue you?"

"Not at all. When I am in the mood for work I can keep at it for hours. I have often begun at 9 or 9.30 and worked uninterruptedly, except for a light dinner, till 1 or 2. Of course that was wrong to do without any exercise. I was not doing much, but you know, but my mind was given up entirely to the work of constructing and working out the details of my story."

"What is your literary method, Mrs. Chanler?"

"I haven't a method. I may say that what of method is my method." She added with a smile, "I do not like to be in a good mood. I rarely do any work during the summer or spring. I begin about the end of October and work steadily through the winter and the end of March. During the other months of the year I am comparatively idle."

"You get your novels completed in mind before you begin to put them on paper?"

"Yes. The whole plot is formed, with certain general points to be worked in or worked out."

"Do you utilize actual men, things and places in your fiction, or do you draw on your imagination entirely for your characters?"

"I draw on my fancy for them almost entirely. Not that I do not care for the realistic school. I enjoy Mr. Howells' very much. It is a narrow taste which can find enjoyment only in one particular class of school. I find pleasure in the different kinds of writers."

"You must have familiarized yourself a great deal with the Elizabethan dramatists, did you not?"

"When I was a girl of about fifteen, I found a copy of Beaumont and Fletcher and I read it with great interest. It was Shakespeare was my great delight. They gave me Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare,' but I was not satisfied till I got at Shakespeare himself."

"Yet she reads Grimm's 'Fairy Tales' with pleasure even now?"

Chanler, while his wife smiled artlessly.

"How do you compare?"

"I am very much interested in your surroundings?"

"I use foolscap paper. Some of you cruel newspaper men will say that is a remarkable appropriate kind of paper, or me to employ."

Mrs. Chanler said, with a girlish smile.

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